THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 9th of Eleventh Month,* 1805. [No. 45.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water. The strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark.—Isaiah, I. 30.

The awful consequences of dissolution have been so fully delineated by the ablest writers, as to leave but little room to offer any thing new on the important subject; but, that the solemn evidence which we frequently receive of our own mutability, should make so transient an impression, has often been a cause of wonder;—was the language of a dying friend to salute us but once in a century, how awfully would it sound in our ears! but how strangely do we pervert the benevolent intentions of our Eternal Friend, who is frequently calling us by the moving language of mortality, to "arise and trim our lamps," because "the bridegroom cometh:"—alas! we hear the call without emotion! we retire for an hour to attend the mournful obsequies of interment, and having seen the grave swallow up a fellow-mortal, we return to the busy follies of life, and forget that we too must shortly follow!

I have been excited to those reflections by attending the funeral of WILLIAM LONGSTRETH, who departed this life on the 2d instant, in the prime of his days. His exit evinces, in an impressive manner, the uncertainty of life; for in the vigour of manhood he fell,—his sun had not attained its meridian, when the clouds of disease veiled its brightness, and "as a garden that hath no water," he withered away.

Hear this solemn language, ye that are in the bloom of life:—retire to your closets and ponder on the solemn subject; for "as an oak whose leaf fadeth," ye *too* may shortly be stripped of your blushing honours, and the silent grave claim you for its own.

Experience tells us, that no period of life is secure from the attacks of disease and Death; yet experience, which teaches us to turn every thing else to our own advantage, here seems to lose its power, ence—we become familiar with the voice of mortality, and the oftener the call, the less the language impresses us; or if by the near approach of the dread Tyrant we are alarmed, instead of preparing to make the blow turn to our eternal interest, we muster up all the arts of contrivance to avoid what must inevitably overtake us. But by the present solemn instance of mortality, let us be awakened;—for if, He that ruleth in the Heavens, should see meet to dry up the fountains of life, we must soon, in defiance of medicine, become "as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water."

"Be ye also ready," was the loud language of the past season, when Pestilence walked our streets, and picked out his victims without regard to the trifling distinctions of men; the rich as well as the poor are candidates for the grave; and now, that in mercy, this dread scourge is withdrawn, the language is still repeated, "Be ye also ready."—Not long since this amiable young man, had as fair a claim to long life, as any he has left behind; now, he is landed on "that bourne whence no traveller returns," and where, in a few short years, all that now tread the earth, must join him forever:—for "the strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark, they shall both burn together and none shall quench them."

PALEY.

11*th mo. 7th*, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Happening, some days ago, to examine a few papers which had been entrusted to my care by one, who is now, perhaps, far distant from me, the glance of Partiality passed o'er the following Epitaph. The simplicity in the description of the *fair unknown* pleased me, while the tenderness of affection it displays interested my feelings; and I was induced to take it from its recess, and permit it, by publication, to be useful.

If he, for whom I entertain the fondness of esteem, should, when he returns, see the use which I shall have made of one of his *secret testimonials of virtuous sensibility*, I hope his kindness will excuse the proceeding, for which the partiality of Friendship only can offer a sufficient apology.

THOS. D————E.

Frankford, Nov. 4, 1805.

EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

***** ********,

Who departed
from this sublunary stage of existence,
on September 30, 1798;
after
a short and severe illness of only one week.
Ætatis suæ, 15.

The modest virtues
of this amiable young woman,
sought the shade of private life;
they courted not the fervid sun of public notice.
The elegance of her manners,
and
tenderness of disposition
were only surpassed by the purity of her heart.
Her filial affection endeared her
to her parents and relatives;
her social virtues, to her friends;
and her Christian Charity,
to the poor and the needy;
nay,—unto all.
Hence! ye Sophists!
who imagine
that the blossoms of the human mind
expand not until
the advancement of age:
alas!
I mourn that the proof
of the absurdity of your opinions,
which I *would* have adduced,
is now no more!
Although young in life,
she was not infantile in wisdom.
She possessed strong natural talents,
which

by industry and perseverance
she improved;
and numerous accomplishments
exhibited
the luxuriance of her fancy, the chastity,
and
the refinement of her soul.
Without pretending to search into mysteries,
revealed not to mortal eyes,
she evinced
a lucid example of practical
religion,
by the constant exercise of the christian
and domestic
virtues.
But the desolating power
of the Malignant Fever
snatched,
among its four thousands,
a bright ornament from the world,
this fair—this early victim.
Her parents, relatives, and friends
have deplored the loss of departed worth;
but,
deplored in vain!
That worth has vanished forever from the
eager sight
of
mortality:
and
the event has pierced
the breast of ONE with sorrow,
who now
dedicates these few lines, as a faint
and imperfect, though sincere tribute
to her memory:
with a "sorrow,"
which the power of time is not sufficient
to obliterate.
Yet, her loss is chiefly mourned by him,
for what she would have been!—
for the destruction of those fruits
which
the blossoms of her character fondly
predicted.
But we who mourn,
"sorrow not as those who have no hope;"
this lamented victim to the
Destroying Angel,
after passing thro' the wilderness of this life,
truly a vale of tears,
now,
free from care, from pain and sorrow, free,
rests in the holy
"bosom of her Father and her God!"

.....

Fair Reader!
imitate her virtues!
then mayest thou, like her,
be happy!
like her, experience,
that the purity of virtue is, indeed,
lovely:
and, finally, depart hence,
in peace with God and man.
She was once, like thee,
a frail mortal—a child of Probation:
she is now one of the children
of eternal light,
a resident in that glorious city,
which is a *quiet habitation*—
a rest for the saints;
where
the tear of anguish is seen no more,
and Health, and Love, and Joy
forever reign!

Philada. Nov. 19, 1804.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On Humanity: an Address to Youth.

"To feel another's woe."

An unwillingness to give pain to any of our fellow creatures, or to inferior animals, is an amiable trait in the character of youth. If at the sight of the helpless in distress, your souls are moved with pity, and you feel flowings of compassion for the sufferer, cherish, my friends, these tender sensations in your hearts; for know, they are emanations of divinity, which teach you to avoid the paths of cruelty, and light you in the way of mercy. Attend to these effusions of sensibility, and your peace shall flow with placid serenity, as the current of a regular stream, gliding to the ocean of bliss. Being habituated "to feel another's woe," you may rationally anticipate the completion of this sacred declaration, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

LACONICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

I boast no Miser's sordid wealth,
No heaps of hoarded treasure,
But I can boast of ruddy health,
And joys no art can measure.

For me the eye of Friendship beams,
The cares of life beguiling;
The star of Love's bright radiance streams,
From Anna sweetly smiling.

I boast no rank with haughty Pride,
With empty titles swelling;
But Peace and Joy shall e'er reside,
Within my humble dwelling.

For me no chariot's gilded state,
Awaits with slaves surrounding;
The servile crew, the pomps I hate,
With anxious cares abounding.

My heart shall beat with Anna's heart,
In sympathetic motion,
It e'er shall seek its kindred part,
With Love's sincere devotion.

The cares—the bitter cares of life,
They never shall come near me;
But my bless'd home and lovely wife,
With smiles at eve shall cheer me.

Then hence with every anxious thought,
Of future fate impending;
If life we spend but as we ought,
We need not fear its ending.

For when old time, shall strew the snow,
Of waning age around us;
The fire of Joy within shall glow,
As bright as when he found us.

LYRICUS.

To the Readers of the Evening Fire-side,

With a view to perpetuate the unfortunate issue of the Farmer's adventures, and to discourage the precipitance and presumption of youthful adventurers, the following stanzas are respectfully inscribed.

Gentle Readers, your sorrow I'll share,
To *Charity's voice* no more deaf:—
How the folks in the *valley* will stare,
When they see the excess of our grief!

The Farmer fatigued with *toil*,
Has left us with symptoms of wrath,
But his *prowess* shall echo awhile,
From the hills that encircle *Hanspath*.

He's retir'd to the shades of despair,
Whence he threatens us not to come back;—
The printers I hope will take care,
To partition their columns with black.

Now poverty, hunger, and cold,
Must give place to more poignant distress;
When CLEMENS' misfortunes are told,
Can his *neighbours* their feelings repress!

When he quitted the field, 'twas his aim,
To check misdemeanor and strife:
But pursuing the phantom call'd Fame,
Lost sight of the comforts of life.

He in hopes of acquiring a name,
Lost that peace he once felt in his cot:
And the face that bewitched his FLAME
Looks gloomy—and she is forgot.

We may find, in the records of ages,
As sudden transitions from bliss:—
But there's nothing, I think, in those pages,
So pow'rfully touching as this.

Dulcinia shall share all our sighs,
More lovely in grief she appears;
Tho' the fire that enliven'd her eyes,
Seems almost extinguish'd by tears.

Ye young bards, who this story may read,
Be careful in checking your zeal:—
Remember all do not succeed—
Remember how CLEMENS must feel.

RUSTICUS.

TO FARMER CLEMENS.

By vanities *I* was misled,
Ere the morn of Reflection had dawn'd:
And I guess, when *thy* stanzas were read,
That *oblivion's pigeon-hole* yawn'd.

I'll examine them now with due care,
Hoping, something to find, *to divert*:
In the first I may safely declare,
There is not any *sense to pervert*.

I have read, I am sure, of a Knight,
Who encounter'd a windmill of yore;
But *a man*, by *a word* foil'd in fight,
Is something unheard-of before.

I may tell my immaculate friend,
That angry I sometimes have been,
But would not the jargon he's penn'd,
Give the best humour'd *Critic* the spleen!

"Poor ALLEN" the bard that was *blest*,
To oblivion, consign'd in his prime;
Ere *candour* has fixed her *crest*,*
Will be lost *in the rubbish of rhyme.*

'Twas truly a tale of distress,
That thou didst with such pathos unfold;
Even *I* should have lik'd it, I guess,
Had it not been so sorrily told.

Miserabile! what have we here?
That the Farmer was sadly perplex'd,
There is nothing in Euclid more clear.
Why the comment is worse than the text!

But let me proceed in due form,
And endeavour with candour to blame;
Tell me then—did *they* buffet the storm,
Or did it, my friend, buffet *them?*

The roses, the nettles, the thorns,
Plants, gifted to poison, and heal,
The beasts† that are known by their horns,
As well as the arrows of steel.

I must leave—but the moral I'll try,
Tho' I fear 'twill be hard to come at:
I have heard thee thy offspring deny,
Perhaps there's a moral in that

If some other moral is meant,
With *meaning* no doubt it *is fraught*,
But the language in which it is pent,
Makes the cream of it hard to be caught.

Was the *Hotchpoch* not relished, because
'Twas o'ercook'd, or had poison inhal'd;
Or was weakness of stomach the cause,
Why thy pow'rs of digestion have fail'd!

Since *candour exalted her crest*,
I'm disposed to snarling no more;
I can feel for the *Farmer distrest*,
Tho' I never felt pity before.

RUSTICUS.

Haddonfield, Nov. 4th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

GEORGE GRAHAM, F. R. S.

An instance of the tenacity with which this celebrated Mathematician and Mechanic adhered to the *very letter* of his promise, I had in early life, from unquestionable authority. Before the time of Graham,‡ Natural Philosophy had seldom been applied to facilitate the progress of mechanical improvement. The ancient watch and clock-makers were content if by intense application to the adjustment of the parts of their complicated machines, they could consequently obtain that kind of chronometrical accuracy which fitted them for general purposes. Exact time-keepers, adapted to astronomical mensuration had not then been thought of; nor had any idea of providing a regulating power against the irregularity which must occur in those machines, from the expansion and contraction of metals by heat and cold, ever pervaded the minds of the mechanists.

This was first discovered by Graham, and as appears by the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society improved by Ellicott, and, I think, fully perfected by Harrison, Be this as it may, the fame of Graham as a watch-maker, was in his time established upon such a broad and scientific basis, that it stamped a peculiar value upon every piece of work on which his name was engraved, which has continued to this hour. During his life his watches were so much in request, that without adverting to the influence of fashion, it may fairly be stated, that every person to whom minute mechanical accuracy was a matter of importance, was happy to obtain one of these regulators.

A gentleman who had bespoken a watch of this nature of him, when it was delivered, told the constructor, that as he was upon the point of going to India, where he should be resident near seven years, and meant to keep an exact account of the variations of his time-keeper, he should be glad to be informed whether he could guess, in any degree, how far these variations would extend.

"Sir," returned Graham, "the watch has been constructed under my own inspection; I finished and regulated it myself, and am so well satisfied with its performance, that take it where you will, if at the end of seven years, you come to me and say that it has varied five minutes, I will return your money."

The gentleman took the watch, went his voyage, was absent more than seven years, and soon after he arrived in this kingdom, called upon Graham. Assuming a very serious countenance, "Sir," said he, "I have brought your watch again." "I remember the condition," said Graham, "let me see; well, continued he, taking it in his hand, what is your complaint." "My complaint," returned the gentleman, "is, that in the seven years that I have had it, it has varied rather more than five minutes."—"Has it?" said Graham, putting it in his glass case, "well sir there is your money again." "What do you mean?" said the gentleman. "To perform my part of the agreement," said the watch-maker. "Are you serious?" "I never am otherwise." "I would not part with that watch," said the gentleman, "for ten times the price I have paid you for it." "Nor would I," replied Graham, "forfeit my word for ten times the sum you have stated, nor indeed for any consideration. A promise is with me a most solemn undertaking. I promised on certain conditions to take the watch again. In consequence of that promise you have put me in possession of it, and no power on earth shall induce me to relinquish my bargain." The watch-maker kept his word; for neither intreaties, nor the most liberal offers on the part of the gentleman could prevail on him to restore the watch which, he kept in his study till his death, and used it as a regulator. He very frequently when he had occasion to consult this machine, told his visitors how he was attached to it, and although he was one of the most serious of men himself, has frequently extracted smiles from them as he earnestly detailed the ill success of his quandum customers' attempt *at a joke.*

From Bradford's True American.

"O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
"Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
"Who think it solitude to be alone."

YOUNG.

Cheerless and comfortless must be the life of a person who dreads to be alone—who prefers the most frivolous and insipid amusement, to calm and sober reflection. It has been deemed somewhat extraordinary that mankind in general know so little of *themselves*—that every person is more blind to his own failings, than to those of his neighbour. This, however, will not be found very remarkable, when it is considered, that most men seek an acqaintance with every body else rather than *themselves.* We willingly pass an hour in conversation with a neighbour—we scrutinize his character and conduct—we notice all his errors, his blemishes, his weakness; and we do not hesitate to suggest a mode of reformation. But how seldom do we bestow this trouble on *ourselves.* How loth are we to pass even a moment in solitude. How unwilling are we to search into *our own* hearts. With what reluctance do we observe *our own* frailties and follies; and how slow, how criminally negligent are we in reforming ourselves. Man loves *himself* better than any body else; and yet there is no one whose company he so much dreads. I have an acquaintance who would spend his time more satisfactorily even with his favour-

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* At the recommendation of the Farmer, in his last stanza, I shall permit candour to exalt her crest in my breast.

† Meaning bulls.

‡ It appears that he was of the council of the Royal Society in the year 1733.

ite dog, than with *himself alone*. Whence this dread of solitude? Whence this aversion to reflection? Do we not too often find a solution of these questions in the lines of the poet above quoted!

MENTOR.

The Adventures of Will Blair, the trooper, and his horse Pocket.

History scarcely furnishes a subject more interesting to the feelings, or better adapted to stimulate the exertions of the graphic art on the emotions of the mind, than that of the young and beautiful queen of Hungary (Maria Theresa,) standing on her throne, in the midst of her nobles, whom she had assembled at Presburg, while stating with all the powers of rhetoric, in accents capable of every inflection, the distress to which she was driven, and appealing at once to their courage and loyalty, or, in her own animated language, "Flying," as she said, "into their arms for protection."

The effect of this passionate appeal and powerful representation upon the hearts and arms of the gallant and generous Hungarians, is well known. In an instant every man in the assembly drew his sword, and, solemnly kissing the blade, swore, that it never should be sheathed in peace till she was reinstated in her dominions and revenged of the House of Bavaria, whom, with one voice, they excluded forever from the throne of Hungary.

This declaration was the signal for the lovely queen to unfurl her standard.—The Imperial Eagle once more soared aloft, and as this symbol of domination floated in the air, her subjects, down to the lowest order, animated with the same gallantry, inflamed with the same enthusiasm as their Lords, ranged themselves under this their ancient banner.—Their chivalry, which this event excited, spread to other countries, and in kindred souls excited the same emotions.

The sons of Britain, possessing all the generosity and gallantry which adorned romantic times, animated with even more than Panonian ardour, as it was engendered only by representations of the beauty and the distress of the object, declared themselves ready to fly with their monarch to the assistance of the representative of the Imperial House of Austria, then environed by the armies of France and Prussia; while the daughters of Britain would, could their offerings have been accepted, have sacrificed their ornaments, have thrown every adventitious decoration to their native charms, into one general fund, for the relief of a queen that rivalled them in beauty.

At this period, in which the spirit of chivalry seemed to have spread from Presburg to London, many, stimulated by high examples, enlisted to rescue the pragmatic sanction from the dangers that impended, who did not know the meaning of the epithet.

Among these was the hero of this little tale, a young Northumbrian, of the name of William Blair, who lived in Drury-lane, and was, like his professional and military ancestor, Sir John Hawkwood, a tailor.

Whether the valiant deeds of this Knight of the Needle, whose fame had erst resounded from pole to pole, had ever come to the knowledge of Will Blair, and had possessed him with a desire to rescue the Hungarian Princess, as the former had the Italian, is unknown; but it is certain, that not only our hero, but a great number of his shop-mates, whose bosoms glowed with military ardour, which seems to have spread through the whole society to which he belonged, entered into the army about the same time. Blair, who was then very handsome, and of an elegant figure, was gladly received into a troop of dragoons, and was, in consequence, furnished with a horse, to which it appears he became in the sequel much attached.

Late in the year 1742, the troops of Great Britain arrived in the Netherlands; and early in the year 1743, under the command of the Earl of Stair, they began their march for the Rhine.

It was the fortune of Will Blair and his horse (which probably from a predeliction for his former profession, he had named Pocket,) to be among the cavalry sent upon this expedition.

The various difficulties which the English army encountered in this enterprize, have been frequently mentioned. The Winter, and even the Spring of those years, were most uncommonly severe, great part of the troops were frequently without tents, exposed to all the rigour of the season, and as frequently in danger of starving.

In this trying situation, Will Blair, (who, it appears, had a spice of philosophy in his composition,) derived the greatest consolation from his horse Pocket. The friendship that existed betwixt the man and the animal in this instance, was the admiration of the whole troop. They ate together. The coarse black bread that was the food of Blair, was frequently the food of Pocket.

The beans which were the food of Pocket, necessity very often forced Blair to partake of.

They drank from the same stream; and when weariness and night forced them to repose in the field, Blair was happy, if he could lead Pocket to some rest or hollow; where while the horse naturally extended himself, his rider lay upon him, and spreading his cloak over both in this situation, they frequently slept through the hours of darkness, and have sometimes waked in the morning covered with, nay almost buried in, snow.

In this manner had Blair and his horse Pocket (who, when he set out upon this expedition, was, like his master, also one of the finest of his species,) travelled, and taking the roughs and smoothes of the world together, they were in many actions, skirmishes, and battles, particularly that of Dettingen. Their friendship seemed to increase from the dangers to which they were mutually exposed; and every year that passed over their heads, appears to have added to their intimacy. In the performance of every duty which a horse could owe to a military rider, Pocket was exemplary; and every attention that a rider could pay to a horse, even to the abridgement of his own comforts to add to those of his favourite animal, it was the care of Blair to bestow upon Pocket. Blair and his horse continued abroad many years; and he was it is said contemplating with pleasure the great probability there was that they should travel down the hill of life together, when in consequence of new arrangements occasioned by the peace, his regiment was ordered to England.—I hope my poor Pocket, said Blair, as he was dressing him the next morning, as we have endured many storms by land, no storm at sea will impede our progress to our native country. This hope of Blair's was fulfilled; the regiment arrived in safety; but alas! this poor fellow who had been wounded in Germany, was soon after taken ill, separated from Pocket in consequence, sent to a hospital, and while he remained in this situation, the troop in which he rode was disbanded, and he when in some degree recovered, placed in Chelsea college as an invalid. Here William Blair lived a considerable time. Pocket, whose idea dwelt in his mind was frequently the theme of his discourse to his companions; but though

he had often enquired after him of his fate, he remained in total ignorance; all he could learn was that he had with other horses been sold, when like his master he was deemed no longer serviceable.

"Alas! poor Pocket," he would often exclaim, as in traversing the streets he saw a horse that had some resemblance of him, "we marched over rough roads in Germany. I had hoped that we should have found the ways all smooth in England, but it was not to be."

In this disposition of mind, Blair was one day walking along the strand, and, as was his habit, examining every horse he passed, when he came to the stand at St. Clement's Church, where one in a hackney-coach attracted his attention. He sprung to him, and in ecstacy exclaimed, "As sure as I live, this is Pocket!"

"Pocket! Pocket!" he repeated, "have you forgot me?"

The horse, at the well-known voice of his former master, pricked up his ears, and neighed.

"It is! it is Pocket!" cried Blair, throwing his arms round the animal's neck, "It is my old companion. How often, my poor Pocket, have we slept in the field together! What hardships have we endured! And now to see you in this situation!"

By this time, the people assembled around thought Blair in a state of distraction; an opinion which was confirmed when he flew to an adjacent public house, whence he brought a pot of porter, a bowl, and some bread.

"My poor Pocket and I must eat and drink together once more," said Blair.

"God forbid any one should hinder you, my friend!" said the master of the coach, who had in the interim come up. "I guess that this was your horse when you was in the army."

"It was, indeed," said Blair.

"I am happy," he continued, "to see you understand each other so well; and will not only join in, but add to your repast."

The people whom circumstance had drawn together, when they understood the nature of it, admired the humanity of Blair, and the sagacity of the animal that was the object, and seemed sensible of it. Several gentlemen made the veteran presents; but what pleased him more than all was, that the coach-master said to him, at parting, "My worthy friend, I live in Gray's innlane, and whensoever you choose to visit Pocket at my yard, I shall be glad to see you; and you may depend upon it, that I shall never bring him to Chelsea with a fare, but I shall stop at the Royal Hospital,* and enquire for you: therefore let it be your consolation, that you and the animal you are so fond of, may have many future opportunities of eating and drinking together, with the same pleasure you have done this day."

On the twentieth of March W. Cowper wrote the stanzas, entitled the *Cast-away*, founded on an Anecdote in Anson's voyage, which his memory suggested to him, although he had not looked into the book for many years.

As this is the *last* original production from the pen of Cowper, I shall introduce it here, persuaded that it will be read with an interest proportioned to the extraordinary pathos of the subject, and the still more extraordinary powers of the Poet, whose lyre could sound so forcibly, unsilenced by the gloom of the darkest distemper, that was conducting him, by slow gradations, to the shadow of death.

William Hayley, Esq.

THE CAST-AWAY.

Obscurest night involv'd the sky;
Th' atlantic billows roar'd;
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board:

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.

He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the 'whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;

But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd,
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That pitiless perforce:

They left their out-cast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford,
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord
Delay'd not to bestow.

But he, they knew, nor ship, nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he,
Their haste, himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;

Yet bitter felt it still to die,
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour,
In ocean, self upheld:
And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
His destiny repell'd:

And ever as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cry'd—"Adieu!"

At length his transient respite past,
His comrades,—who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more.

For then by toil subdu'd, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear.

And tears, by bards or heroes shed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not to dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme,
A more enduring date.

But mis'ry still delights to trace,
Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish each alone;

But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he.

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* A public house by the College Gate.

THE CAMELION.

M. Golberry, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to the Camelion, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five Camelions in separate cages surrounded by a fine guaze, so as to exclude any insect or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they become thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died existed 89 days without food; the second 91 days; the third 105 days; the fourth 115 days. The fifth Camelion had been 116 days without food when M. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and strength; shortly after which it escaped from his further observation.

The Camelion lays motionless on a bough or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue, which resembles an earthworm, hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which small insects are attracted; and when covered

with them it is drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, M. Golberry says, "When I kept my Camelions in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed, expiring the air so strongly, that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to teaze them they became a yellow green; then a yellow, spotted with red; then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours I could succeed in making them adopt."—M. Golberry wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that state, but the colour of the animal was never affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkness, health, ease, &c. The Camelion has a power peculiar to itself, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The Camelion is so organized, as not only to inspire a very great quantity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail and legs are filled with it.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Is sensibility a blessing or a curse? does it heighten the enjoyments in proportion as its keen feelings make heavier the afflictions of life? When we observe how lightly misfortunes are felt by those who possess not this passion, we are almost tempted to pronounce it a curse; but when we consider the feelings which it gives rise to in the human brea-t, feelings which are both exquisite and inexhaustable, we pronounce it with fervor a blessing. Yet like all other blessings when carried to excess, it becomes hurtful; ridiculous and disgustful to others, and to ourselves an exhaustless fund of misery. When carried beyond certain bounds, it ceases to be sensibility, it may then be more properly termed fretfulness and discontent.—Aspasia is rich, lovely, and once was gay; but taking it into her head that an affectation of excessive sensibility would make her irresistably charming, she determined to adopt it; but mistaking its nature, is become ridiculous and unhappy. She throws herself into a paroxism of grief at the sight of a fly drowned in her tea, and has more than once gone into fits at seeing a moth burning its wings in a candle. I do not pretend to say that circumstances like these, trifling as they are, ought not to effect a feeling mind; but every one ought carefully to avoid making a display of feelings which, however amiable they may be in themselves, are, even when real, often censured as affectation.

When carried to this excess, it also gives rise to a weak and unmanly dread of evils which may never come to pass; which, of all the various passions that inhabit the breast of man and corrode his happiness, is, perhaps, the most conducive to misery.

The man who gives way to this unhappy disposition must be constantly miserable; he must also be ungrateful; for he not only looks forward to the future with apprehension, but is rendered incapable of enjoying the present, and the blessings that are placed within his reach are neglected altogether, or received with coolness or discontent. He sees every object through a darkened glass; he can undertake nothing with spirit, because his gloomy imagination, ever industrious in tormenting itself, conjures up a thousand vexations and crosses that may attend his enterprize: consequently he becomes weak-minded and cowardly.—And of what avail is all this anxiety? If indeed misfortunes could be prevented, or even lessened, by anticipation, there would be some colour of reason for indulging this gloomy temper; but as our fears will neither prevent nor diminish them, as torturing our imaginations now will not prevent our feeling the evil that we dread when it really arrives, why make the whole of our life miserable, through fear that at some part of it we may meet with misfortunes? How different is the character of him who really possesses sensibility?

Hope is the constant inmate of his bosom; his present misfortunes are reduced, nay almost annihilated, by his hopes of the future; he received the gifts of heaven with thankful cheerfulness; all men are his brothers; and he evinces his own sensibility, not by brooding over his own misfortunes, but by using his utmost endeavours to alleviate the misfortunes of those around him.

ISABELLA.

CAUTIONS RESPECTING PERSONS APPARENTLY DEAD.

The following public caution is given by the Royal Humane Society.

"In great sinking of the strength, especially towards the end of nervous fevers, and other acute diseases, such debilitated patients frequently appear in a state resembling death. If the bed-clothes be suddenly removed, the natural heat will be dissipated, and life's remnant inevitably destroyed. By not attending to this important circumstance, the lives of thousands have been sacrificed, and prematurely committed to the grave, who by a more humane conduct, *would have been restored to life*, to their relations and friends."

> "Death may usurp on nature many hours,
> And yet the fire of life kindle again
> The o'erpress'd spirits."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

Facts concerning the Slavering Distemper in Horses and other Domestic Animals: In a letter from Thomas Moore, of Montgomery County, (Maryland,) farmer, to Dr. Mitchell, of New York.

Agreeably to thy request, I shall endeavour to give a concise history of the slavering disease of horses, kine, sheep and hogs, which has, for some time, existed in this country, conformably to the facts which have come under my observation.

Late in the summer of 1795, I was told that the grass from a cerain lot in the neighbourhood, produced a remarkable defluxion of saliva from the mouths of horses. Soon after harvest in the year 1796, I discovered something of it on my own farm, and was told that it had appeared on several others. In the course of a year or two more, it became general throughout the neighbourhood, gradually increasing in its effects, and beginning earlier in the season every succeeding year, until about the year 1802, since when it appears to be nearly stationary. It now commences about the last of the fifth month, and continues through the summer and autumn. It was not discovered for some years that any other animals than horses were affected by it, nor was their health supposed to be materially injured; but at length kine, sheep and hogs began to be sensibly affected, and it was found that horses would actually die if con-

fined to the grass of certain fields without any other food.

The calamity now assuming a serious aspect, my attention (as well as many others) was turned towards a discovery of the cause, in hopes of being thereby enabled to take such measures as would lessen the effects. Red clover being the grass most commonly used for green food on many farms, an opinion very early prevailed, that the introduction of this grass had produced the disease. To this opinion, however, I could not subscribe, having frequently observed that the disease was produced in as great a degree by the grass of some fields, where there was not a plant of clover to be seen as by any other; and, on the contrary, I found, by enquiry, that the disease was then unknown in several parts of Pennsylvania, where red clover had been much longer in use than with us. But from observing that a small hard-stemmed grass generally made its appearance about the time the disease began, I (with many others) was led to believe that this grass was the cause; and in order to ascertain it, made the following experiments: I picked over about seven pounds of red clover so carefully, that I knew there was not a blade of any other kind of grass amongst it, and gave it to an hungry mare, entirely free from disease. In one hour after eating it, I was surprised and disappointed, by finding the disease to be excited in a considerable degree. The mare was then kept on dry food until she was again freed from disease, and an experiment made on the small grass before spoken of, the result of which was the same. Similar experiments were afterwards made on several other kinds of upland grass, and always with the same result. We also find, that any kind of grass which will produce the disease in its green state, will produce nearly the same effects when dry. In the course of the last two years it has become general throughout a district of country of some hundred miles in extent, and although I have yet heard of but few places where other animals than horses are materially affected by it, yet, from the increasing effect on them, and the rapid spread of the disease, it is to be apprehended, that the time is fast approaching, when it may be considered among the most serious calamities with which this country has been visited. The symptoms in horses are a constant discharge of a watery fluid from the mouth, (probably the amount of several gallons in twenty-four hours) without any apparent inflammation of the salivary glands, great thurst dulness, loss of flesh, always exhibiting the same sunken appearance in the flank as an animal that is almost famishing for food: after some continuance of these symptoms, comes on a stiffness in all the limbs, which altogether continue till death. In other animals the symptoms appear to be nearly similar, though less in degree. Milch cows suffer a considerable diminution in the quantity of their milk, and still greater in quality, so that the profits of the dairy are much lessened. Dry cattle require much longer time to fatten, and indeed on some grounds scarce fattened at all. Hogs are not perceivably benefitted by any grass which produces the disease in a considerable degree. Sheep do not suffer as great inconvenience from it as any of the three last mentioned animals, yet they are sometimes very sensibly affected.

From some late observations I am inclined to believe, that if hay be put in bulk in such an uncured state as to cause it to pass through a very strong heat the pernicious effect will be nearly destroyed; and if on further trial this proves to be the fact, may it not, in conjunction with the two following, to wit, that the disease is confined to uplands, and that ploughing generally eradicates it for at least a year (being always worst on grounds which have lain long in grass,) afford something like a clue to unravel the mystery? Low grounds being, as far as we know, entirely exempt, looks like the exercise of animal instinct in regard to situation: and the effect of the plough to remove the cause for a short time, and the same afterwards gradually increasing, favours the supposition of the existence of an insect which may in some way produce the disease; perhaps by either an excrementitious or ovarious deposition on the grass, the qualities of which (particularly if ovarious) would probably be much changed by the degree of heat before mentioned. But I do not believe that any such deposition has yet been discovered.

I remember, in one instance, to have observed a reddish appearance produced where the clover from a horse's mouth was dropped on purple cloth; hence may be inferred the presence of an acid of some kind.

In the foregoing statements I have related the facts nearly as they came under my own observation, with respect to the order of time; but, on conversing with some old observing men, I find the disease is not entirely new, but that the second cutting of grass, in several places, has for many years been known to produce the disease in a very slight degree; yet so inconsiderable as not to excite serious attention.

These are the principal facts which have come to my knowledge relative to this extraordinary disease; and these, I hope, will be sufficient to insure the subject a scientific investigation; for surely that man will deserve well of his country, who, by developing the cause, will aid us in our endeavours to overcome the calamitous effects.

[*Med. Repos.*]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

Earthquake.—The following are some fresh details relative to the earthquake which has desolated the capital of Naples, and a great part of the kingdom—dated July 31st.

In the morning of the 6th we experienced a heat much greater than the preceding days. About six in the evening a north-west wind arose, bringing with it some thick clouds, which threatened a storm, but which insensibly dispersed. At half past eight the wind began to blow from the north, which is cold and dry in winter, and hot in summer. It was on that day much colder than usual, and continued for about an hour. At three quarters past nine, the sea, which had been extremely tranquil during the day, began to be disturbed. Several persons who were bathing felt the earth fail them under their feet, and the fish mounted to the surface of the water, and appeared agitated in an extraordinary manner.

At length, at three minutes before ten, a shock of an earthquake was felt, at first with a slight trembling, and afterwards with a strong undulation, in a direction from north to south, and which lasted from 45 to 60 seconds. At eleven there was another shock, but weaker; and at three quarters past twelve a third, still slighter. The sky was perfectly serene, but on the surface of the earth there was a sort of fog, from which emanated a strong smell of sulphur. From the summit of Vesuvius an immense and very thick column of smoke rose, and between the first and second shocks two explosions were heard, similar to those which precede volcanic eruptions, but weaker. The first shock shook all the bells, which rang spontaneously. All the clocks in the city, as well public as private, stopped at three minutes before ten, the precise moment of the first shock.

We have not yet received any news from Calabria or Sicily. The damage done at Capua is happily less than was stated: 20

soldiers perished under the ruins of the barracks of Sante Marie; several horses were also killed. In the province of Salerno, and in the three provinces of La Pouille, the shock was much slighter; but in the county of Molise the damage done is very considerable. The town of Iserno is entirely destroyed. From the official reports of the Governor, who arrived here yesterday, it appears that more than one thousand dead bodies have been already dug from the ruins, and the search is continuing.

Iserno contained about 7,000 inhabitants, a sixth part of whom are supposed to have perished. Cambubasso, Bassanello, Loppizuto, Pieriabondante, Maccia, and some other small places in the county of Molise, are also nearly destroyed. It is supposed that 20,000 persons have perished in these different places. Great damage was also done at Piedmonte di Alise Cajanzo, Caserta, Santa-Maria Capua, and Rocearomana, but no one was killed.

From an observation of the places where damages have been done, it appears that the earthquake took a direction from sea to sea, in a line which might be drawn from the Crater of Vesuvius to that of Pozzuoli. It is feared that great damage has been done at Briano, the ancient capital of the Samnites, which has already been several times destroyed by the same misfortune.

As to the city of Naples, the registers of the police only state the number of deaths to be four; that of wounded is inconsiderable—a circumstance which is almost a miracle, in the midst of so many ruins and so much tumult among the inhabitants. The Queen, and Princesses, and Prince Leopold, after the first shock, took refuge in the King's stables, and passed the night in different carriages. The King, who was at Portica, did the same thing. The Hereditary Prince Royal, and the Princess, were at Caserti, and experienced no accident.—More than two hundred houses have been rendered uninhabitable, and those the most solidly built, as if nature had taken pleasure in triumphing over the efforts of art.

It is observable that the buildings which have suffered least are those which were elevated upon arches. But even in those which have suffered least, there is not a beam which remains in its situation. It is, however, a great consolation, that in the midst of such great disorder, thanks to the astonishing activity of the Police, there were no other evils than those which arose from the earthquake.

Domestic.—On the seventh ult. Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, the Indian Agent for the United States, arrived at Augusta with a deputation of Chiefs from the Upper & Lower Creek Nations, consisting of Alexander Corpells and Tuskenehaw, from the upper towns, and William M'Intosh, Tuskee-nee-hue Chayco—Enehau Thlucco, and Che-cop-chelco Emantlau, from the Lower towns. They left that place in the stage for the City of Washington. We understand that their visit to the seat of government is to treat for an extension of the boundary line of this state to the Oakmulgee river—the Upper Creeks we are told are in favour of ceding the land as far as the Oakmulgee, and the Lower Creeks opposed to it.—we believe, however, that the agent is of opinion the land may be obtained.

It will afford pleasure to a benevolent mind to know that the efforts of Col. Hawkins to meliorate the condition of the savage tribes, and to bring them into something like a social state, have been greatly successful, and that they are almost daily, though slowly, making advances in civilization. There were in the Creek Nation, when the agent left it, twelve looms employed; eight of them, if we recollect aright, were made by Indians, and are worked by Indian women, who also spin the cotton which they weave. The plough and the hoe are now also in very general use among them, and in becoming attached to property, and being acquainted with the comforts and advantages of agricultural improvements, they are losing very considerably that predeliction for the chase and the hunting life, which, almost universally characterizes savage nations. The agent has introduced among them weights and measures, and made many of them acquainted with figures, so that they are enabled to weigh out their own articles for sale, and to calculate the amount of them with great accuracy—and the advantages they discover to arise from these glimmerings of science is gradually exciting a desire to extend their knowledge, and will doubtless prepare the way for the establishment of schools among them, and will create an ardor for future improvements. From the advances already made in the arts of civil life, there can be little doubt that a foundation is laid, for an entire change in the disposition and habits of these tribes.

The Legislature of the Indiana Territory have enacted, that all negroes and mulattoes brought into that territory, under 15 years of age, are to be recorded, and to serve until the males are 35 and the females 33.—All over 15 to be taken before the prothonotory, an agreement made for a certain term, and if the term brings them to 45, or over, the master to give bond, with security of 500 dollars, that they shall not become chargeable to the country—all children born after the passage of the law to serve, the males till 30 years of age, the females till 28; they are to be under the same regulations as apprentices, and can be removed, in case of mal-treatment.

From information received from a respectable quarter, we have good reason for believing, that our affairs with Spain will be settled without war.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, for one week ending the 26th ult. Adults 24—Children 16—Total 40. For one week ending the 3d inst. Adults 32—Children 11—Total 43.

Deaths in the city of New-York, from the 26th ult. to the 2d instant. Adults 36—Children 24—Total 60.

Interments in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending the 3d inst. at sun-rise. Adults 10—Children 9—Total 19.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We notice with regret the long-continued silence of some of our highly valued writers, whose productions have been read with interest and attention by readers of discernment. Is it not the province of Genius to be employed in the diffusion of knowledge; in correcting the taste, and improving the morals, of society? The mind not absolutely vitiated may be roused from the slumberings of indolence—the passions not yet enlisted on the side of vice may be called off from the pursuit of pleasure or the illusions of folly by the charms of poetry or the persuasive eloquence of the moralist—and wit may point its styre with poignant effect against the reigning errors of the day—philosophy also, may have a happy tendency in directing the inquiring mind to profitable subjects for investigation. When such consequences may result from a proper employment of their talents, is it not a reproach to the favoured sons and daughters of the muses, that they should continue to recline ingloriously in the lap of ease?

—

Jack Sailor is not so successful, as on some former occasions, in his present attempt to "shoot folly as it flies." We doubt not his abilities as a sportsman; but wish him to pay more attention to his *piece*, that he may not again miss his aim and pop into the pigeon hole.

We would not imitate the fastidious nicety of BCD, junior; yet neither our utmost desire to please our correspondents, nor our poverty in communications can induce us to give place to his *Original Letter*.

Vigo's lines are very inferior to his subject, which would require talents equal to the production of a *Cotter's Saturday Night*. As a poet, we are persuaded he cannot now rise to the standard of insertion; but who can tell what time will effect!

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,

Where Subscriptions and Communications (post paid) *will be received.*

Subscriptions will also be received at Benjamin Johnson's *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market-Street.*